IN THE WOOD. PRICE IS. 6d.

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THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

AN

INSTRUCTIVE TALE.

BY

CLARA ENGLISH.



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CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

A GOOD little boy, whose name was Edgar, and his sister, whose name was Jane, were the children of a gentleman and lady who lived in Norfolk. Edgar and Jane were often told, that happiness depended on goodness; and that, to be good and happy, they must love each other, and and never quarrel. Admired by every body for their dutiful behaviour to their father and mother, and their affection to each other, they were still in their infant years, when they had the missortune of losing their kind parents.

Was not this a fad thing for little Edgar and Jane? Indeed it was, and, although very young, they were exceedingly grieved

when their poor, fick father and mother were dying. Together in the parlour, one morning, during their parents' illness, Jane said to her brother:

JANE. Edgar, will you come and play with me?

EDGAR. Yes, fister, but what shall we play at? we must not make a noise while papa and mama are ill.

JANE. Well, then, I will put away my dulcimer and my ball, and make Dolly a frock and a cap.

EDGAR. And here, fifter, is the book my aunt gave me: while you work, I will read you a flory.

JANE. Oh, thank you, brother; I shall like to hear the story about the Little Girl and the Eagle.

EDGAR. Oh, Jane, you have heard that one a great many times. I will read to you about the Boy and the Robin. Shall I fifter?



JANE. Yes, brother, and tell me afterwards about the Girl and the Eagle.

EDGAR. Very well: now listen to

THE BOY AND THE ROBIN,

An amusing Story.

There was once a little boy, named Charles, who was very fond of birds, and, because he was good and diligent at school,

his father bought him a pretty canary bird, that could fing delightfully, and a bullfinch that could both talk and fing fo well, that he amused all the company who came to the house. Being great favourites, they were kept in the parlour in fine gilt cages. At dawn of day, they began to warble. This fweet music always waked Charles, who was obliged to rife early to attend school. It was now no longer necessary to ring the bell, which fummoned Charles to his duty; the pretty warblers let him know, that he must waste no more time in bed. School was a mile distant, so, in the fummer time, he left home at five o'clock in the morning, and in winter at feven. It was cold frosty weather, when Charles was trudging across the fields, with his fatchel on his back. The ground was all covered with fnow, and the trees and the hedges were fo white, that the birds hid themselves in the hedges, and if they

ventured out to feek for food, the sportsman's gun stopped their flight, and put an end to the life of these harmless, little creatures. Charles was very forry to fee them killed, and faid, that he would never amuse himself with such a cruel diversion. Well, as Charles was going across the fields to school, a Robin Redbreast slew out of the hedge, and perched upon his shoulder, then it hopped after him until he came to the stile. Charles had in his pocket some gingerbread, that was given him by his mother, fo he broke it into very fmall pieces, and fed this pretty fociable bird. He was unwilling to leave his little companion; but, as his master had desired him always to come early to school, he could not stop to play in the field. So he made hafte to school and learned his lesson, and, when he returned home, he begged of his father to let him have a cage for the Robin; he faid, that he was fure he could catch it,

it was so tame. But his father told him, that it would be cruel to confine it in a cage, and as it had fought protection of him during the inclement feafon, he must not deprive the poor thing of its liberty. The canary and bullfinch, he told him, had always been accustomed to confinement; for that reason, if he gave them plenty of feed and water, they would live very happily in their fine gilt cages; but the pretty Robin will not like to be a prisoner. Charles then asked his father how he should take care of the Robin who had flown to him for protection? You may bring him home, Charles, and let him fly in the great hall, but remember to feed him every day. Charles affured his father, that this he would never forget. With the expectation of meeting his fociable companion, he rose earlier than usual the next morning, although it was a very hard frost, and much fnow had fallen in the night. In vain,



however, he walked very flowly through the field, to look for Redbreaft. Charles returned home difappointed. It was too cold for Robin to venture out. The following morning, Charles went again to the field. After walking up and down two or three times, and peeping very often into the hedge, out flew Robin, and perched upon his hat. Charles was very glad to fee him again. Very gently he pulled off

his hat, and took him in his hand, then he gave him some crumbs of bread, which he had brought on purpose for him. Poor thing, it was fo hungry, fo hungry that it foon ate up all the bread, for the weather was fo cold, that it had had nothing fince Charles gave it the gingerbread. It lived very happily in the great hall all the winter, and Charles was delighted to hear its fost note, for he did not know that a Robin could fing. In the fpring, when the leaves were on the trees and the meadows were covered with green, Robin Redbreast quitted his sheltered habitation, and winged his flight to the woods. Charles regretted the absence of his little friendly companion; but, as he had the pleasure of feeing him in the field frequently, when he went to school, he hoped he might again afford him protection in the enfuing winter.

JANE. Go on, brother.

EDGAR. There is no more, Jane; I have finished the story.

JANE. I am forry that is the end. I should like to know if the Robin ever came back to Charles.

EDGAR. So should I. I love Robin Redbreast.

JANE. If Robin came here, we would give him fome bread and fome cake.

EDGAR. Oh, Jane, what pretty bird is that pecking at the window? I believe it is Redbreaft.

JANE. Let us open the window, Edgar, and it will come in. Pretty creature, it feems very hungry.

EDGAR. I am afraid it will fly away, when we open the window.

JANE. We will open it very foftly: oh, it is gone, we have frightened it!

EDGAR. Well, don't let us make a noise, Jane; perhaps it will come back presently.



JANE. I think I fee it in that high tree.

EDGAR. Yes, it is coming: now it is in the bush. If I put the cake outside the window, I dare say it will return.

JANE. Here it is, brother; I am very glad.

EDGAR. Don't frighten it, fister: oh, how prettily it pecks! it pecks out of my hand.

JANE. And, brother, it eats too what I give it. It has almost pecked up all the cake.

EDGAR. Then I will get it some more. JANE. Brother, brother, it is gone.

EDGAR. Oh, dear! Pretty Robin, I wish it would come and stay with me, as it did with Charles.

JANE. It will not; it is quite gone, brother; I fee it a great way off.

EDGAR. I am very forry; I hope it will come again. Now I will read another story, but I can't find my book.

JANE. Why, Edgar, here it is under the

EDGAR. I will look for the story of the Little Girl and the Eagle. Sister, that is the one you like best.

JANE. That is very pretty; but the Boy and the Robin is prettier: I never heard it before. The cruel eagle, I am afraid, would kill Robin Redbreaft.

EDGAR. Yes, fifter, that it would, and eat it too; but I hope Robin will hide it-felf in the trees and the hedges, that are

now full of leaves. Look out of the window for Robin while I read.

JANE. Yes, brother.

THE

LITTLE GIRL AND THE EAGLE.

Very far down in the country, lived a poor woman, who had only one little girl, named Ellen. Their dwelling was a fmall cottage, in the middle of a field. As Ellen's mother had no money, but what she worked for, she employed herself in knitting stockings: these she carried to town to fell, and, with what she received for her work, she bought herself and her child bread and milk. This was all they had to live upon. However, the poor woman was very industrious, and, besides her scanty portion of food, fhe fometimes contrived to buy a few chickens. She put them in

a basket and returned home, and Ellen sed them every day. This was not all that Ellen did: she learned to knit, and she could work almost well enough to affish her mother.

When the chickens were grown up, the poor woman went to market and fold them. With this money she bought a pretty, little lamb. When she returned home, the little lamb began frisking about the field; and Ellen, delighted with her new playfellow, amused herself in running after it. When Ellen was tired, she fat down and went to work; and the lamb, no longer inclined to jump about alone, reposed itself by her side under a large oak tree. One hot fummer's day, when Ellen had fkipped round the field until she was quite fatigued, she rested herself, as usual, under the shady oak; she was scarcely feated, when she saw in the air a very large, black thing. Ellen did not know that it



was a bird, for never before had she seen one so large: and, perhaps, no little girl or boy would have known that it was an eagle, which is a large bird of prey. From its size it is called the King of the Birds, and it devours hares, rabbits, and lambs. Its beak and talons are remarkably strong. Ellen was very much frightened, as any other little girl or boy would have been, to see this great, voracious eagle dart upon the poor harmless lamb, and mount again into

the sky with rapid flight, carrying it off with as much ease as a sparrow would a fly. The poor woman was fitting at her cottage door, when the eagle feized its prey, and she was very forry, for she never more expected to see her little lamb. Ellen, furprifed and frightened, ran to her mother, and cried fadly for the loss of Friskabout, as she called it: but she was much more grieved, when her mother told her that the eagle would carry Friskabout to its nest, and devour it. Ellen then asked her mother, if the eagle's nest could not be found, and the lamb taken away. Her mother faid, "that eagles did not make their nests in trees and hedges, like little birds, but in the fide of fome high rock, or mountain, where it was very difficult, and fometimes impossible, to get at them. "Very likely," fhe added, "the eagle we have just seen has its nest in Mount Huge-Top, about two miles distant.

Ellen, I have never taken you there, because it is too steep for you to climb at present; besides, as you are a little girl, if the eagle were hungry he would perhaps eat you up." When Ellen heard this, she did not wish any more to go to Mount Huge-Top, though her mother had often promised to show her the sea and the ships from this high rock. Never again did the poor woman expect to fee her pretty lamb; for the eagle was winging away as fast it could. It pursued its course over fome fields where there were haymakers. The haymakers had worked very hard all the morning, and they were resting themfelves on a rick of hay they had just finished stacking, when down came the lamb, and made them all jump. The eagle's fharp eyes, perhaps, faw fome other prey, and forgetting that he had already fecured, let it fall from his talons. Friskabout had a nice, foft tumble, as you may suppose,

and the eagle had not hurt him, only pulled a little wool off his back; but his journey through the air, and his fall, made him begin to baa, baa. Then the haymakers careffed him, and as they were good, honest people, they enquired at all the farm houses, who had lost a little lamb. Every body faid, It is not mine, It is not mine. So the haymakers determined to carry it home, and take care of it. As they were paffing the poor woman's cottage, Ellen was peeping out of the broken casement, crying; fo they-faid to her, What do you cry for, little girl? What is your name? My name is Ellen, faid she, and a great eagle has taken away Friskabout, to eat him up. Then she cried again fadly, and her tears hindered her from feeing the lamb under the haymaker's arm. But he faid to her: Come, Ellen, do not cry any more, here is Friskabout, alive and merry; give him some dinner now, for I dare say



he is hungry; and take care the eagle does not come to him again. Ellen, over-joyed, took the lamb and led it to her mother, who was much furprifed to fee it, and enquired how fine got it. When Ellen told her, fine ran after the haymakers to thank them, and to enquire how they had faved it. They told her, that the eagle had fortunately let it fall on the hay-stack, and that they had been feeking the owner, whom they were happy to have found.

Then the poor woman gave them twopence for their trouble, all the money she had in her pocket. When she returned home, Ellen was feeding Friskabout with a bason of bread and milk, which was prepared for her own dinner, and the rest of the day she amused herself in the cottage with Friskabout, for she was asraid of venturing into the field.

JANE. I am very glad that Ellen had her lamb again. The eagle is a cruel bird.

EDGAR. So he is. We never faw an eagle, so we can look at the picture.

JANE. What a great creature! he is not so pretty as Robin.

Their attention was fixed on the picture of the eagle, when one of the fervants, with tears in her eyes, came and told them, that their poor father and mother, who were dying, had fent for them up stairs.

They did not know what dying meant, fo they left the parlour, happy to go to their kind parents.

The children, on entering the room, ran to embrace them, and, while they were proving the affection of their innocent hearts, they burst into tears, for they now faw their father and mother worse than ever; very pale, and hardly able to speak. "My dear children," faid the father, in a feeble voice, "I fent for you to receive my last bleffing, as it is the will of Almighty God that I should shortly leave you. He is the only giver of all good: pray to him night and morning for his protection. This, my dear children, I have often told you; but remember now, that I can never tell it you again."

His feeble voice was almost exhausted, but, pausing, he revived again and added, "When I am in my grave, your uncle will take you home to his house, you must

then obey him as you do me, and, I hope, you will always be good and happy." He was quite tired with this exertion, for he had but a few minutes longer to live. Tenderly embracing them again and again, he bid them adieu, until they should meet in another world. Scarcely had he uttered these words, when his weeping infants beheld him close his eyes in death. This gentleman's brother, the children's uncle, had come to visit him during his illness. He recommended the children to his care, telling him, that he had no other friend on earth, and, unless that he were good to his boy and girl, they might be greatly injured. "You must," said he, "be father, mother, and uncle, all in one; for I know not what will become of our dear children when we are dead and gone." Their mother then begged of him to be very kind to her fweet babes. "On you," faid she, "dear brother, depends our children's happiness, or



misery, in this world, and God will reward you according as you act towards them." With many tears she bid Edgar and Jane farewel; clasping them in her arms, and commending them to the protection of the Almighty, she reclined her head on the pillow, repeating "God bless you! God bless you, my dear children!" After saying this she was never heard to speak again.

The uncle had promifed, his brother and fifter, that he would do all they had

asked of him; but how faithfully he kept his promise, will be seen by and by. He lived in a fine house, surrounded with a large park, a great many miles distant; fo he ordered his fervants to prepare the carriage, that he might take home these little orphans to his elegant mansion. In the mean time he opened his brother's will, which made him the guardian of the property left for Edgar and Jane. Edgar was to inherit three hundred pounds a year, when he was of age; and Jane's portion was five hundred pounds in gold, to be given her on the day she was married; but, in case they died while infants, their uncle was to take possession of the whole fortune.

All the neighbours were much grieved for the death of this gentleman and lady. The rich regretted the loss of two worthy friends, whose society was always pleasing and agreeable; while the poor lamented

them, because that they were deprived of kind and benevolent protectors. The little orphans were still weeping, when their uncle sent for them, and bid them cry no more. They remembered their father's dying words, which charged them to obey their uncle, so they wiped away their tears, though they remained very dull for a long time afterwards. The carriage was now ready to convey them to their uncle's seat, and with heavy hearts they lest their native home.

After travelling about ten miles, they ftopped at a little village for the coachman to refresh his horses. As Edgar and Jane were regretting the loss of their good parents, they had not been cheerful on their journey, as usual, so their uncle determined to stay here about an hour, and strive to amuse them by walking about. It was a very pretty place, and, being the residence of several wealthy families, was adorn-



ed with elegant houses, and grounds beautifully laid out. On alighting from the carriage, they enquired the name of this delightful village. It was the Vale of Content. The beauty and good order of it were really remarkable; and, notwithstanding the number of poor cottages, there was not one beggar or idle person. Now, how do you think this happened?—Because that the rich took care to affist the poor, and see that their children were well em-

ployed as foon as they were able to work: and this was the reason that the inhabitants were all happy, and that they called their residence the Vale of Content. A few years fince, a large, commodious workhouse was erected for the reception of those poor, whom age or illness rendered burdens to their families. Here were, likewise, received all the poor little boys and girls, who had loft their parents; and thefe helpless orphans were supported and educated at the expence of the parish. Edgar and Jane were paffing this building, while the children were amusing themselves, Some were playing at trap and ball, fome at marbles, whilft others were reading little ftory books, which had been given them as a reward for their diligence. At the found of a bell, they all quitted their amusements, and returned into the house to employ themselves in reading or writing, and be instructed in those trades by which

they were to gain their livelihood in future. They were now all affembled, and the spinning wheels and weaving machines began to move fo brifkly, that the noise furprifed Edgar and Jane very much, who flood peeping through the rails. One of the overfeers drew near the window to pull down the fash, and observing the three strangers, begged of them to walk in. Very willingly they accepted the invitation, and ascending a few steps, entered a long room, on one fide of which were placed the spinners, and on the other side the weavers. The spinning consisted of wool, which was brought here in large quantities, at the time of sheep-shearing. This store lasted all the winter, until the returning feafon for collecting this useful commodity. Some were employed in picking and combing it, while others, standing at wheels made on purpose for children, prepared it for weaving and knitting.



When fpun it is called Worsted, from a town in Norfolk, famous for woollen manufactures. The art of weaving was brought into England in the year 1331, and having been much practifed ever fince, is now arrived at very great perfection. The loom, and the machine, by which the balls of worsted were wound into skeins, were considered very wonderful inventions by the travellers, who had never feen such a manufactory before. The spinners, the

winders, and the weavers would have engaged their attention longer, had they not been asked to visit other rooms, where reading, writing, and knitting were going forwards. All they faw amused them very much: but, at last, their uncle summoned them to leave this little feat of industry, and to return to the carriage; for, he faid, he was afraid they would fcarcely reach his house before the close of day. With that prompt obedience which all good children show, even to the wish of a parent, they instantly complied, and, accompanied by their uncle, left this well-ordered school of industry. In repassing the Vale of Content, Edgar and Jane again admired the beauty, the order, and the neatness that reigned there. But their uncle, who had no taste for the simple pleasures which appeared to favour the happiness of the people in this village, hastened the children on to the carriage. The coach drove fast,

and, about feven o'clock in the evening, they reached an elegant, spacious mansion, placed in an extensive park, which was well flocked with deer. Their uncle now told them that this was his dwelling, and that it was called Bashaw Castle. They all alighted from the carriage; and the children being wearied with their day's excursion, even novelty lost, with them, all power of attraction, and they immediately begged permission to go to bed; so they wished their uncle good night, and Betty, the housemaid, lighted them up to their chambers. Like good children, who had been well instructed, they immediately knelt down and faid their prayers, for no fatigue could make them forget this duty. But though fo tired, instead of falling asleep directly, as might have been expected, the stillness of the night, and the gloom which, to weak minds, feems always attendant on darkness, brought back to their minds the

remembrance of their loved parents, who were now, alas! loft to them for ever. Many a tear did they shed at this recollection; but sleep at length overpowered them: and, in the morning, they arose with the lively, happy spirits of youth. They now descended, hand in hand, walked about, and gazed at all the fine things they saw; they looked with astonishment at the spacious halls, the losty chambers, the extensive slower gardens, and the fine hot-houses.

How different is all this, faid Edgar, from my father's small house, his nice orchard, and pretty corn-fields?

JANE. So it is, Edgar; but I liked home better, because papa and mamma were with us then, and, they were so good and indulgent, that we were always happy.

EDGAR. Yes, fifter, fo we were. But I think my uncle must be very happy too, with so many good things around him, and such a fine house.

Master Edgar little thought that his uncle, though thus furrounded with feeming plenty and luxury, was a stranger to all felicity; for he was very wicked, and had, therefore, no internal comfort, in which confifts the larger part of happiness. He passed his days in idleness; he seldom read his Bible, or any good book, nor did he attend any place for divine worship, which might be one reason why he continued so wicked. His amusements even were barbarous: he was very fond of cock-fighting, and fuch inhuman diversions. Eating and drinking, merely for the indulgence of appetite, was his great delight; and he would pass half his days in playing at cards. Though he poffeffed a great deal of money, he was fo extravagant, and ordered fo many more things than he had money to pay for, that he felt constantly the distress of poverty, and was unjust because he did not pay his debts. And here, my young

friends, I have, with forrow, placed before you the character of a very wicked man, and shown you what conduct it was that led him to the horrid crime of intended murder. You will, I am sure, turn from the picture with aversion; yet, I wish you to dwell upon it sufficiently, to avoid similar faults yourselves.

Edgar and Jane, though very good children, still, like all other very young perfons, they required, from time to time, admonition from fome wife friend. They had loft those tender parents that would have guided them to all good, and their uncle never heeded them; whether they did well or ill, he regarded it not. So Jane would fometimes work, and fometimes would Edgar read to her, out of the pretty little books his father had formerly given them; but very often would they throw afide the work and the books, and run in the park all day with the deer. But these

poor, little children had no one to remind them it was wrong to be idle, so they were not so much to blame as those who act ill notwithstanding they receive good council.

Their uncle's estate, from his negligence and extravagance, was going quite to ruin. His land was no longer fruitful, as formerly, because it wanted proper culture; and, in consequence of all this, his income was confiderably leffened. He often meditated on some way in which he could get money: and, from his wicked deeds, having loft the favour of the Almighty, and being no longer under the guidance of his grace, what wicked thought do you think was permitted to enter his head? The shocking one of murdering the pretty little children, of whom he was guardian, that he might poffess their fortune. Now, instead of instantly repressing this horrid thought, he indulged it, paufed upon it, revolved it in his mind, and, at length, de-

termined to put in execution the barbarous fuggestion of this dark moment. How bad, how wicked may man become, if forfaken by an offended God! Mark this example of mortal depravity. He was at first idle, extravagant, and now he is ready to commit murder. He refolves to do it, but, to conceal his cruelty, he told his wife, and all his acquaintance, that he would fend his little nephew and niece to a relation of his in London, that they might be there educated. The children were very happy in the expectation of this journey, for their uncle faid they fhould go on horseback, and at the fight of the horses they rejoiced exceedingly. But this cruel man had hired two ruffians to execute the barbarous deed which he had planned. With these two frightful men then did little Edgar and Jane set out. All the way they were very merry, and their innocent prattle and gentle behaviour



began to fosten the hearts of these two ruffians, named Ned and Dick, and they repented that they had engaged to murder them. Yet Dick said that he would do it, as he had been paid largely by their uncle. Ned had likewise received as much money, but he declared that he could not do this wicked deed.

Now they had travelled all day, and it was fun-fet when they entered a thick wood. They left the horses at the entrance



of the wood, and they walked fome diftance through feveral narrow, winding paths, Ned and Dick quarrelling all the way, because that one would, and the other would not, murder these poor children. At last they fought, and Ned, being the strongest, killed his adversary. Trembling with fright, little Edgar and Jane beheld the shocking battle. The contest ended, the russian who had, with surious blows, murdered his companion, returned to the

children, and bade them cry no more. Taking them by the hand, two long miles he led them on. Poor babes! the ruffian now refolved to leave them in the difmal forest, to perish with cold and hunger. They often asked him for food: at length he said he would fetch them some. So he left them, telling them to wait for his return; but it was not his intention to return: so, in vain, did little Edgar and Jane wander up and down the thick wood to look for Ned. At one time they sat down and repeated the following verses:

Why, O my foul, why thus deprest, And whence this anxious fear? Let former favours fix thy trust, And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when forrows rose, And press'd on every side, Did not the Lord sustain thy steps, And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave refounds to wave:
Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can fave.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns, He'll reinstate my peace; For He, who bade the tempest roar, Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er:
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my foul, why thus deprest, And whence this anxious fear? Let former favours fix thy trust, And check the rising tear.

Here will I reft, and build my hopes, Nor murmur at his rod; He's more than all the world to me, My health, my life, my God!



Arifing from their mossy seat, they walked again in search of Ned, but, alas! he was not to be seen. In vain did they call upon him to come and bring them sood: Cruel creature! he was quite gone from the poor, helpless babes. Hand in hand they wandered in the dismal forest, picking blackberries from many a bush to fatisfy keen hunger, till dark night drew on, and they sunk exhausted on the cold ground.

They had not lain many minutes, when an old woman happened to pass that way. She was very poor, and had been spinning all day to get a few hard-earned pence, and had come out in the dusk of evening to collect some sticks to make her sire. She saw these children. "What merciless wretch," she exclaimed, "has less these little innocents thus to perish! Whoever it is, their wicked purpose shall be defeated, for I will take them home, I will warm them by my fire, I will feed them with my supper."

Ye rich, and ye affluent, who fometimes neglect to do good, take an example from this poor woman: fee, though so poor, she can show pity, and perform a deed of charity.

As the old woman was paffing along with the children, Ned, the ruffian, paffed them. He was returning into the wood to feek these babes, for though he had in-

tended to let them remain to perish, he had not resolution to do so: but when he faw they had found protection, he paffed filently on, and the children being fenfeless, no one knew him. He determined, however, to stay for two or three days in the neighbouring village, that he might fee what became of thefe little orphans, which he accordingly did. Now the good woman took them to her little cot; there she cherished them, warmed them, fed them, and, being too poor to support them wholly herfelf, she got admittance for them into the School of Industry, which was in the village near her. This school was supported by the bounty of all the wealthy families in the parish. Here little Edgar and Jane were taken good care of; they were well instructed, and taught to be very good and very industrious. They were confidered as very poor children, and fo really they were now. Jane learn-

ed to read, to write, to work, to knit, and to fpin: and Edgar was taught to read, to write, and to be a gardener. One Sunday a charity fermon was preached for the benefit of this school, and here is the pretty hymn which some of the children sang.

H Y M N.

To Thee, Almighty God and King,

For Thy paternal care,
To Thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
In homage, praise, and prayer:
For friends and favour we rejoice,
And ev'ry mercy giv'n,
In grateful sounds we raise our voice,
To thank the God of Heav'n.

The bounteous man, who spreads his store,
Is savour'd in Thy sight;
Crown him with treasure ever more,
And bless the widow's mite-

Our lot in life, mark'd out by Thee, With joy will we purfue, Oh, may we all Thy goodness see! Each day Thy praise renew.

Tho' poor in honour, poor in place,
Oh, make us still Thy own!
That, rich in virtue, rich in grace,
We may approach Thy throne.
We sin in thought, in word, in deed,
Yet, hope shall never cease,
While our Redeemer's merits plead,
For pardon and for peace.

The children at this school were taught to be very, very good; and the masters and instructors took so much care of them, that they were very happy. Little Edgar and Jane remained here quite concealed from all their former friends; and, as they were supposed to be no longer inhabitants of this world, their wicked uncle became the possession of all their fortune: but as



ne acquired his riches unjustly and cruely, he could not enjoy them, for his guilty conscience always tormented him. If his riends came to visit him, he was not theerful enough to amuse them; and, at night, when he retired to rest, he was afraid to close his eyes, for then frightfuldreams presented themselves to his imagination. In his sleep he thought he saw he ruffians stabbing the two infants who had been lest under his care, while they,

poor children, clung to him for protection which he inhumanly refused. Sometimes he dreamed that the wrath of God punished him for his wickedness, by depriving him of all his wealth, his house, his lands and his money, fo that he was brought to extreme indigence, and even implored hi daily subsistence of the passing crowd; and that his children did not exist to succour him in this wretched fituation. At prefent this was only a dream, but foon, very foon, he fuffered in reality what his guilts conscience had so often terrified him with in fleep; and though he now felt the difpleasure of Almighty God, he neither repented, nor ever prayed for forgiveness He possessed a great deal of land that produced plentiful crops of corn and hay Harvest was now just over, and his barn entirely filled, for the feafon was remark ably fine and hot. One night, during thi fultry weather, the fky darkened and

dreadful ftorm arose. Incessantly the lightning slashed and the thunder rolled. As he could not sleep, he was walking about his room very much agitated, when he beheld, with terror and amazement, the fire from heaven fall on the thatched roofs of his barns, and consume, in a few hours, the vast store he had collected with so much anxiety.

Winter approached and brought a fevere frost, and as all his out-houses, his corn, and his hay were burned by the lightning, his cattle were now exposed, without food or shelter, to the inclemency of the seafon, so they all perished in the fields. Having lost so much of his fortune, he was obliged to send his sons from home. A merchant, in Portugal, promised to employ them, and they set sail with the hope of being his clerks; but the vessel had not yet lest the coast of England, when it struck on a fatal rock, and these unfortu-

nate boys perished on the wreck amidst the dashing waves. When their wicked parent received the news of their death, he gave himself up to despair, and instead of being refigned to the punishment inflicted by Heaven, and exerting himself, as an honest and prudent man would have done, to retrieve his fortune, he extravagantly fpent the remainder of his money. His guilt, together with the misfortunes that had befallen him, as a punishment for his wickedness, prevented him from settling in any business, so continued idleness soon brought him to the extreme of poverty. He mortgaged his land, and when he had expended this fum for his daily subfistence, he pawned his watch, and some of the fine cloaths he had worn when he was a rich man. Now, that he had nothing more to fupport himself, he contracted still larger debts, which he could never discharge; so his creditors put him in prison, and here

he ended his days miferably, without a friend to comfort him or relieve his diftress. Thus it pleased almighty God that he should suffer! Wickedness, even in this world, seldom goes unpunished, though goodness does not always meet with its reward on earth.

The ruffian, Ned, who had left poor little Edgar and Jane in the forest, had generally lived by plunder. He had robbed many a traveller of his money, and purfued this course of life for a long time undiscovered; but, at length, he was brought to justice, and condemned to die for the last robbery he had committed. Soon after his fentence was pronounced, he confessed how wicked he had been, and that he had been hired to murder poor little Edgar and Jane. He then related the circumstances of their journey, and that he left them alone in a forest to perish; but that some old woman had found them, and placed them in a parish school. This account affected the judge, and all who stood round very much. The russian, as he went to the gallows, appeared very penitent for all the bad actions of his past life. He exhorted his companions, whom he was leaving in prison, to avoid, in suture, if they were acquitted, those crimes for which he acknowledged that he was receiving a justly-merited punishment. After praying earnestly to be forgiven all his sins, he ascended the scassod, and soon entered on an endless eternity.

The wicked uncle, whom we before faid was imprisoned for debt, and who died in his confinement, having left no child to heir his encumbered estate, Edgar and Jane, whom the russian, Ned, had publicly, and with his dying breath, declared, were put into a parish school, were inquired for, found, brought forth into the world, and put into possession of Bashaw

Park, which foon changed its name for that of Happy Dell. Here they long lived in uninterrupted peace. The rich loved them for their goodness and courteousness; the poor blessed them for their charity and kindness: and the poor old woman, who had formerly placed them in the School of Industry, they took home, and repaid the service she had done them, by showing her unremitting kind attentions to the last day of her life.

Industry is the best security from vice, for those who are idle always meet with bad companions: be diligent then, and you will rarely be tempted to do wrong. Honesty is likewise the best policy: be just, therefore, to all, for it is virtue alone will make you beloved, esteemed, and truly respected through life.

And now, my little readers, having made these reslections, and, I hope, impressed upon your minds the truth of them,

by the foregoing history, I will only detain you while I repeat a pretty hymn which was given to Edgar and Jane in the School of Industry. They were one day rather unhappy; they were thinking of. their good father and mother whom they had loft, and of their uncle's fine house, and of the pleafant walks which they used to have in his park amongst the deer, and these recollections made them shed some forrowful tears. One of the masters observed their affliction, and kindly gave them this pretty hymn, which contains comfort for earthly grief, by directing our hopes to eternal joys. Now here it is:

H Y M N.

Eternal Ruler! Mighty Pow'r, Thou God of Peace in forrow's hour; Whene'er the heart affliction knows, From Thee unceasing comfort flows.



Supremely good! then, let us pray, The God who gives and takes away, To make us own Him just and wise, When earthly bleffings He denies.

No longer then let transient joy, Our thoughts and fondest hopes employ, But teach our hearts Thy will divine, That bids us earth for heav'n resign.

And when our clay refigns its breath, And falls to dust in silent death, May the blest spirit soar above, To praise the God of peace and love.

Edgar and Jane learned this pretty hymn, and often repeated it, as I hope you will all do: and when raised to prosperity, greater than that which they had ever expected, they still remembered that earthly joys were uncertain, and they directed their hopes and wishes to that world where bliss is lasting and eternal.



A BALLAD.

THE

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,

OR THE

Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.

Now, ponder well, you parents dear, The words which I shall write,

A doleful flory you shall hear, In time brought forth to light:

A gentleman, of good account,

In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did furmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore fick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as fick did lie,
And both poffes'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind,

In love they liv'd, in love they died, And left two babes behind.

The one, a fine and pretty boy,

Not passing five years old;
Th' other a girl more young than he,

And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little fon,

As plainly doth appear,

When he to persect age should come,

Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chanc'd to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run,

Now, brother, faid the dying man,
Look to my children dear,
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day,
But little while be fure we have
Within this world to flay.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one,

God knows what will become of them, When I am dead and gone.

With that bespoke their mother dear, O, brother kind! quoth she,

You are the man must bring our babes, To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully, Then God will you reward,

If otherwife you feem to deal, God will your deeds regard.

With lips as cold as any stone,

She kiss'd her children small, God bless you both, my children dear, With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke, To this sick couple there,

The keeping of your children dear, Sweet fifter do not fear:

God never prosper me, nor mine, Nor aught else that I have,

If I do wrong your children dear, When you are laid in grave.

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,

When for their wealth he did devise To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children fend,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes, Rejoicing at that tide,

Rejoicing with a merry mind, They should on cock-horse ride:

They prate and prattle pleafantly, As they rode on the way,

To those that should their butchers be, And work their lives' decay.

Made murd'rers hearts relent,
And they that undertook the deed,
Full fore they did repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him,

So that the pretty speech they had,

The other would not agree thereto, So here they fell to firife, With one another they did fight, About the children's life:

Had paid him very large.

And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,

Within an unfrequented wood, While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears flood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry:

And two long miles he led them on, While they for food complain,

Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread, When I do come again.

These pretty babes, with hand and hand, Went wandering up and down,

But never more they faw the man, Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips, with black berries, Were all befmear'd and dy'd,

And when they faw the darkfome night, They fat them down and cried.

And now the heavy wrath of God Upon their uncle fell,

Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house, His conscience felt a hell.

His barns were fir'd, his goods confum'd, His lands were barren made,

His cattle died within the field, And nothing with him flaid.

And in the voyage of Portugal,

Two of his fons did die,

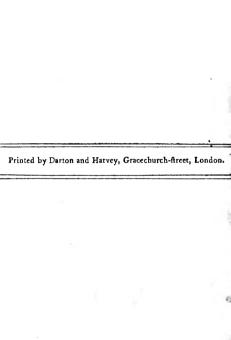
And to conclude, himself was brought To extreme misery:

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land, Ere feven years came about,

And now, at length, this wicked act Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand,
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overfeers eke,
Of children that be fatherlefs,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Left God with fuch like mifery,
Your wicked minds requite.







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